FRESH PARISIAN GOSSIP.

THEATRICAL NOTES AND SOME OF PAUL MASSON'S JOKES.

Lebaudy's Suit Against the Editors of the "Libre Parole"-Quarrel Between the Managers of the Odeon-M. Narcey Dis. missed from the "Petit Journal"-Re Suce and Wine 400 France-Trial of the Murderers of the Baroane de Valey.

PARIS. Dec. 6. -- But here is the story suf-Scient to make one forget the exploits of Gen. Gallent in Madagascar, of the quarpetween the two managers of the Odéon. The learned M. Sarcey, the art critic, full of respect for admitted opinions, the former pupil of the Normal School which makes all the professors of Fr. nce, the deep and serious man whose hatred of every boldness and whose peaceable mind have won for him the name of "uncle," first among the singers of the Chat Noir, and aftermard adopted by all the young litterati of the day, has just been discharged from the Petit Journal by its editor in-chief, M. Marinoni, for having written a pornographic article. Of course, to accuse Sarser of anything pornographic is perfectly assurd, and M. Javinoni stretched things very far indeed when he declared that that was the reason for the dismissal. Listen to M. Sarcey explaining the case before the Judges of the Court of Commerce, from whom he asked damages of 500 france for a hasty and unjustifiable dismissal;

One day M. Sarcey was visited by a young man who came from the elitor of the Petit Journal. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "I am sent here by M. Marinoul," said the young man, with an emparrassed air, "to notify you that you are no longor employed on the Journal."

"Have you brought me a letter containing explanations?" "No he gave me nothing."

"He said simply: 'I've had enough of him.' "

And all that for having written an article it which M. Sarcey declared that he was puzzled in regard to the meaning of a popular expression used especially among the troopers of Al geria. It is "kif-kif bourriquot," He followed that article by a second one, in which he regeria. It is "kif-kif bourriquot." He followed that article by a second one, in which he reproduced in veiled terms, according to him, and not sufficiently veiled, according to the editor, an explanation somewhat naturalistic, which was given to him, as he said, in perfect good faith by some old spahls. The Court decided that M. Marinoni was wrong in taking exception to the manner in which the explanation of the old spahls was presented, and M. Sarcey got 400 francs damages, with costs. The least act in the quarrel between, the directors of the Odéon seems to be closed. M. Antoine has Just his ided in his esignation as manager of that theatre, an office which he accepted after his retirement as co-director. This decision was expected. In a clever letter he explained his motives to the Minister. These motives have aiready been given to the readers of The Sun in an interview with him published some time ago. In this letter there is one noteworthy phraseshowing the way that M. Antoine appreciates the rôle of his former associate. After having recalled the fact that he was the author of the programme adopted, which the Minister accepted with all its consequences, he added: "I have never been able to execute this programme, by reason of the opposition of the eminent collaborator whom you have been so good as to impose upon me." The letter is full of little cuts of this nature.

In the evening I had an opportunity of seeing M. Antoine. He declared that his final resignation was the result of his desire to throw off all moral responsibility in the artistic direction of a theatre where the programme which had seen the main object of his efforts was cast aside, a pregramme shopted in its entirety by the Minister of Public Instruction, under whose jurisdiction red of control and and admirers of Macadomires.

ler whose juri-diction the Odéon stands.
should add that the friends and admirer

I should add that the friends and admirers of M. Antoine who were associated in the new management have also resigned. M. Ginistry, whom I saw later, told inc that he expected their resignations, and that a new association had already been formed.

What will M. Antoine do now? There is some talk about his raking a tour abroad. But it is also said that he intends to establish a new theatre in partnership with the capitalists who have resigned along with him. It is to be hoped that the means may be given to this energetic man to carry out to completion the artistic mission with which he is inspired, and the execution of which, attempted for the first time, made for him so many warm friends and bitter enemies.

The case of M. Jacques Lebaudy against the Libre Parole is interesting. M. Drumont is one of the leading editors of that journal. M. Jacques Lebaudy, son of the celebrated speculator. Jules Lebaudy, and brother of the no less celebrated Max Lebaudy, accused M. Drumont of having defamed the memory of his brother. and he also accused M. Delahaye of having tarnished the character of his father. He claimed 50,900 francs damages from the two

tarnished the character of his father. He claimed 50,000 francs damages from the two alleged libellers of his family. The court did not side with him. It acquitted M. Drumont on the ground that the late Max Lebaudy left plenty of ground for criticism which became heated in the discussion, and that the author of "La France Juve" endeavored not so much to tarnish the renown of Max Lebaudy as to defend his assistant. Mmc. Severine, who was mentioned in the case.

As for M. Jules Delahaye, the court found that he was wrong in detaming the memory of the father of M. Jacques Lebaudy, but that the case would not warrant a fine of 50,000 francs, because, according to the preamble. M. Jules Lebaudy, both as a merchant and a speculator, was mentioned for several years in connection with all the great francals transactions of the Hourse, and therefore he had acquired a considerable and unfortunate influence, according to the publications of the time, in that affair known by the name of the Krach of 1882, a piece of pure speculation whose consequences aimed at the public crelli. Consequently his name and his acts belonged, if not to the financial history of the country, at least to the indgement of public ocinion, and it was not possible to claim for him that oblivion and silence due to modest existences that have remained aloof from all notoriety. But, as M. Delahave had overstepped in form the limits of permitted discussion by insulting the memory of M. Jules Lebaudy, and as the son of the latter had a right to complain the editor of the Librar Parale was fined 100 francs, and obliged in audition to pay damages to the amount of 200 francs.

At the Palace, as well as in the industrial and financial circles, the severity of this double-edged sentence is commented on with bitterness. The fame of the Lebaudy family would have gained more by silence than by the indiscretion of its stupid defenders.

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assassins. Riesgon and Truel, accused each other, but the Court gave the same sentence to each, penal servitude for life. Lazeny was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and twenty years' banishment, and Ferrand to five years' banishment. Durin was acquitted as irresponsible. Two heirs only were recognized by the notary in the liquidation of the property of Mine. Je Velley. They were cousins of the fifth and sixth degree. Mile, Remault and Mine. Ducas, it is easy to see, therefore, that there are no princesses and duchesses among the relations of the late Mine. de Valley, although the papers said that there were when the case was first brought to light.

The recent death at Aix les Bains of Paul Masson, called the Yoghi, calls to mind some of the peculiarities of this strange man, who for years has been celebrated in Paris under the pseudonyme of Lemice-Terrieux. A scholar, an original thinker, and a hard worker, the sole object of his intellectual labors was to mystify and puzzle other people. He was employed in the National Library, where there was no more realous and capable librarian; but all his leisure time he spent in preparing practical jokes.

In appearance he was extremely unly: his head was shaped like a monkey's, his eyes were dull and speciacled, nearly blinded by continual poring over old manuscripts. When his face lighted up, which was rarely, and his eyes gleamed, the effect was remarkable.

His career was varied. From Algeria, where he held a Judgeship, he went to India, and there presided over the French tribunal at Chandenagore. It was from there that he sent his famous letter to the Figure, describing the imaginary expulsion of the Jesuits from Chandenagore, in compliance with a decree declaring organizations on French territory not authorized by Government dissolved. The leter was signed "Joseph de Rozario," Imnediately the Government telegraphed to Masson for information of the pretended Rosario. The joke was of course discovered, and Masson had to send in his resignation. He then returned to Paris, where he lived for many rears in a remarkable-looking house built by himself at Meudon. The style of architecture he adopted, half Moorish and half Hindu, was not so displeasing as might be imagined; and the interior, decorated with wonderful Oriental rugs and furniture, was in keeping with its outward aspect. To complete the picture, the inseter of the house often appeared attired in a slik turban and trousers d la houzarde. On grand occasions he delighted his guests by donning a Hindu costume. Nothing could be more grotesque than this hideous face peering out rom under the gorgeous hues of his turban.

His eccentricities made many people believe him crazy, but those who knew him best are agreed that he was not only perfectly sound of mind, but that his actions showed both reflection and calculation in an unusual degree. His greatest delight was to mystify people, and herrainly succeeded in his object. For a while after his return to Paris he had no regular occupation, but he soon grew tired of inaction and applied at the National Library for employment with success. He then gave up his Moorish dwelling and went to live in the Latin quarter, 77 Boulevard St. Michel, opposite the Luxembourg. When the news of his death reached Paris, most probably the latest, and expected him to turn up again shortly. But the lastifick had been played, the last joke applauded, death had rung down the curtain. agreed that he was not only perfectly sound of

been played, the last joke applauded, death had rung down the curtain.

Masson, like all professional clowns, had a melanchely look. Apropes of this, a little story is told of another joker. Vivier. "Sir," said he, addressing a broker, "you undertake to negotiate all kinds of funds, I believe: now I have a large fund of sadness, I should like to invest it with you."

He began by announcing his marriage with Mile. Tittée, a young Dahomian lady exhibited by a Barnum in the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

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He began by announcing his marriage with Mile. Tittée, a young Dahomian lady exhibited by a Barnum in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. The announcement of the affair stated that the ceremony would take place at the Hindoo Temple, and that M. Maurice Barrès, the most serious of our Deputies, would deliver the address to the married couple. Later on he explained this joke. "I believe," he wrote to a lournal, the Figoro, I think, "that it was my duty to call attention in this way to the fusion with races so called inferior, and if the ceremony was said to be at the Musée Guimet, it was because at that time the minds of the learned were very much occupied with the progress of Buddhism in France. I may add t. at M. Earrès was disposed to offisiate in this soleminity, which was adjourned on account of the impossibility of procuring at the proter time water as little filtered as that of the Ganges."

M. Maujan, recently elected to the Chamber of Deputies, moved for the revision of the Constitution, but his motion was rejected. As his election was secured on that question, no body was astorished when he handed in his resignation in a dignified letter, which gave a sovere rebuke to certain Deputies too desirous of keeping an acquired situation by painful electorial efforts. It was denied that this letter was written by him. It was 'he work of M. Masson, But Masson did not attack politicians alone, Paris at that thre was flooded with the generous offers of a financier who had made his fortune in Egyot, and who, strangery enough, imagined that he could not be admitted into certain circles without getting pardoned for his fortune by bestowing gifts generally declined, and, for the most part, of an extraordinary character. When the Salon of the Cham de Mars was about to open its doors for the first time, the State did not seem to be very much in favor of it, and it was amnounced that the commission of official nurchases

ner of t editribution of this sum and the constitution of the jury charged with the duty of distributing it, I believe I can do no better than leave the entire matter to your good judgment. Ostals, M. Meissonier communicated the letter to the press, and the giver was complimented. The letter was the work of Lemice-terristx.

When the Duc d'Orleans came out of prison, after the escapade which gave him the name of "gamelie," he forgot to thank the faithful friends who had defended him, Lemice-Terrictx sent to each one of them a printed card with the words:

Just like Albert Le Roy, whose strange ad venture a few years ago as a candidate for the Academy I reported in THE SUN at the time. Paul Masson also became a candidate for that august body. His entire baggage was composed of works without any gravity. His "Penseus d'un Yoghi "figured conspicuously beside a cataiggue of the Salon, in which each picture was mentioned in a pun, with a study on the "Onomatopee, advanced to the condition of love." On the cover of these different works he had printed with care all his titles. "formerly Judge in Algeria; formerly Attorney-General of the republic of Chandernagor, French India; formerly President of the Court at the same seat," and in addition he mentions the orders that he had received during the course of his career as a colonial Massistate, all from little Indian princes with astounding names. He finished the whole with the announcement that he was Liberarian of the National Library. But the oueer at thing about it was that it was all perfectly true. He was a bespanyled and respectable loker.

where two trains were telescoped, killing a land that she belonged to a family whose nobility went back to the days of Henry IV. In 1839 she married one Gaudiot, the adopted son of Baron Durand de Valley, who left fer all his fortune. As for her literary reputation, that is reduced to the publication in 1832 of little volume of verses entitled "Violets, which soon went out of print. The rest of the areat exploits attributed to Mms. de Valley, which soon went out of print. The rest of the areat exploits attributed to Mms. de Valley, porters. After having semarated from her breached his with season on of these miserily old rich ladies, tormerted by a passion to increase their fortunes by all possible means. The Baronne became a usurer, and did not hesitate to accept the services of the worst of agents, to enlarge the circle of her operations. Avance was berrief. But to be a fellow named Kieggen, who represented himself to be a landlord. He wanted Mms. de Valley to activance him some money on his monthly rents. Tentset of the improbability of her young to the hone of gain, the old usurer never thought of the improbability of her young throught of the improbability of her young through the first of the former reveals, and a few days afterward the Baronne was found attangled in her bed. The apartment was runnman elform to probably of the first of the form which is a surface of the search of the form the sum of 125 france, which they said was his equitable share of the booty. To one ferrance, and they generously presented him with the sum of 125 france, which they said was his equitable share of the booty. To one ferrance, and they generously presented him with the sum of 125 france, which they said was his equitable share of the booty. To one ferrance, and they generously presented him with the sum of 125 france, which they said was his equitable share of the booty. To one ferrance, and they generously presented him with the sum of 125 france, which they said was his equitable share of the booty. To one ferrance, an

unstrap from it a heavy bathtub, which they carry to the bather's apartments. There they lay a rubber cloth on the floor, on which they place a sheet—no one knows why; they have a lays done so. Then they carry up the hot water from the watering cart, and ill up the tub; when the tub is filled, they throw a lot of bran or some similar substance into the water, which makes it opaque. They they depart. The bather gets into the tub, and sits there until the water is too cold for comfort, receiving his friends with all propriety, only his head appearing above the water. When he is finished, the halgneurs come for the tub.

Masson learned the names and addresses of a lot of rounders, men who seldom went home until 4 or à in the morning; and to some chosen person of this breed he would send a bath. It would arrive about the time the victim was ready for bed; the baigneurs, admitted by the hanitor, would carry the tub up stairs, to be repulsed angrily by the rounder. When one set of bathmen had gone another would come, until berhaps a dozen sets had reached the hapiess rounder's door, each retiring only after much strong language on both sides. This was one of Masson's favorite leats.

For a long time Masson defended himself against the charge of being a practical joher, but later he acknowledged that he did study to mystify his friends, and allowed his name to be confounded with his pseudonym. "Who shall say what truth is 7" he would say. "History is made up of fables and doubtful stories: I am making history in my own way."

This strange creature, whose Jokes have amused Pari- for so long a time, is dead, and in dying committed the only serious act of his life. Wit of any kind is very much appreciated by the Parisiaus, and none more so than that of the little Gavroche, the typical street gamin. The great Victor Hugo devoted an entire chapter to him in "Les Misérables." The purest type of gamin is the small apprentice, the telegranh boy, the butcher's boy and the baker's boy. One of the latter variety, having safely d

one of the latter variety, having salely delivered the contents of his basket, was awinging along with it tucked under his arm, stopping to worry every dog on the way, happened to meet an empty hearse, which came near knocking him down. Quick as lightning he turned, and shaking his first at the driver, cried. "Hi, you dirty old grave-digger, are you trying to get a job?" It was perhaps the same youngster who, meeting a funeral on the 1st of January, remarked; "That's a queer way he's beginning the new year!" A gathering of these small chaps was witching with great interest an old gentleman being helped out of his carriage by a footman, it was plain that the old fellow had one leg in the grave, and it was only with great difficulty that he walked at all. "Well, to think," murmured one of the circle, "that it hasn't even the courage to get buried!" It was the gamin wit that inspired a young French soldier, during the Mexican expedition, to scrawl on the gate of the cemetery at Orizaba, then filled with French soldiers, victims of the yellow fever, these words: "Jardin d'Acclimatation," It takes a gamin to Joke with death. During the recent Franco-Russian fetes the small fry of the streets have been in their element. An ucip old Algerian sat smoking his long Orientaippe in beace on the terrace of the Café de la Paix, when a small urchin squatted down in front of him and inquired, with an appearance of great innocence: "What are you smoking your cane for?"

But the best was the reply made by a youngster arrested for vagabondage and taken before the Magistrate. When asked why he had left the parental roof, he replied that he had found that his mother was only his coustin, "What do you mean," said the Magistrate, "Just what I say; my mother is only my cousin, for my father married his niece."

I say: my mother is only my cousin, for my father married his piece."

Its Origin, Present Size, Employment, and

An account in the London scientific journal, Engineering, of Russia's volunteer fleet, as t stands to-day, is noteworthy not only from the facts collected regarding it, but from the conclusion that this fleet should no longer be viewed with the distrust it so long inspired. since it "deserves the best wishes of the English people."

The origin of this peculiar organization is ineresting. In the last war between Russia and Turkey the former's navy was recognized to be weak, and some patriotic subjects of the Czar resolved to create by private effort a force of auxiliary cruisers that might be useful in case a naval power should intervene on the side of Turkey. Subscriptions were started in the chief towns, and in a few months about 2,000,000 roubles were collected. With these the Alsatla, the Lotharingia, and two other steamers belonging to the North German Lloyds were purchased. Not very long afterward peace was concluded, so that the work of the four vessels proved to have consisted chiefly of conveying the sick and the wounded and transporting troops from San Stefano to the Black Sea ports.

In casting about for a new sphere of duty for the volunteer fleet, it was decided to have them ply between Russia's European ports and Vladivostock. But the first operations of the fleet as a commercial venture were not encourtalk of turning them over to the Black Sea trade. However, the direction of them was transferred to the Minister of Marine, and presently an era of prosperity for the fleet began. The numbers increased, and now the fleet is managed by a committee representing the Treasury. War. Navy, and Audit offices, the President, who is generally an Admiral, utive officer is known as the inspe-

Col. Linden, who for a long time and been a naval attaché in England, representing the Russian Government.

At present the volunteer fleet possesses thirteen large steamers, each capable of carrying from 3,000 to 5,000 tons of cargo, exclusive of bunker coal. They are the Kherson, Petersburg, Saratoff, Orel. Vladimir, Voronel, Klav, Ekaterinoslav, Tambov, Yaroslaval, Kostroma, Nimi-Novgorod, and Khabarovsk. The first four can make nineteen knois and the others thirteer knots. All of them have been built in England, where also two other vessels are to be sonstructed. The original vessels, acquired in Germany, have been given up and turned over to the Admiralty as training ships.

Odesa is the principal port from which the steamers of the fleet start. They pass through the Suez Canal, and reach Vladivostock in about forty days. On the way they call at Port Said, Perim, or Adsa, Colombo, Singapore, and Nagasaklas the principal ports, Only two or three years ago no more than seven or sight voyages were made cash year, but, under the present management, no fewer than twenty-two versages are carried out within the year. Thus Vladivostock has increased in importance, and the Volunteer Fleet has rendered a great service in brilding up the Asiatic shores of Russis. The fleet is also used in transporting materials for the Siberian railway, and so add-largely to its earnings, while being of public service in that way. It also carries out immirrants and convicts, the latter being sent out to the island of Saghallen, not far from Vladivostock. It takes back to Odesa sudders whose term has expired; teas from Hantow, the teatrade being entirely in its hands, and no less than 35,000 tons being carried last year; copra castor seeds, and of Viadivostock harlori is not now as insures.

A HONEY VENTURE IN CUBA.

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ATTEMPT OF AN AMERICAN TO WORK OUT A BRILLIANT IDEA.

There Were Acres of Flowers All the Year Round, and He Calentated Upon Getting Two Crops of Honey a Year from His Bees, but Nature Had Something to Say About It and Said It, The Havana steamer was so near to salling

that the last whistle was blowing, and those of the passengers who had friends on board to see them off were growing nervous. "Now you will be carried away if you don't hurry," one of the women said to a good-na-

tured looking old gentieman who had been wishing her a pleasant voyage, and apparently paid no attention to the whistle, "So much the better!" he exclaimed. "Then it will only be taking this steamer instead of the next one. I've no business unthere in this cold weather anyhow. They have driven me out of Cuba once, but I don't stay out, and you

will see me there in ten days or two weeks," The old gentleman was off in good time, after the way of such leisurely people, and as the vessel drew out from her dock he stood looking at her regretfully, as if he wished himself back on her deck.

"I'm balf sorry I didn't let her carry me away." he said, turning to THE SUN man, who

was still close beside him. "Did you say that you had been driven out of Cuba?" he was asked.

"Oh. yes!" he laughed: "driven clean out. A: least my business failed, and I had to get out for want of funds. No, the Spanlards had nothing to do with it, nor the Cubans either. It failed-well, I may say it failed through natural causes.
"I was in business up here in Orange coun

tv several years age (and still am, for that matter) when I discovered that I had that grand American complaint, a weak lung. So I went to a doctor to save myself from going further. But I had to go further after all." 'You must get out of this climate,' the docor said, 'and go far enough South to find hot

weather-not warm, but hot. And don't you come back here before next June.' "That came like a what is it they say? Like thunder clap out of a clear sky. How could I go away for months and leave my business and all my employees? Everything would go

"How many employees have you?" THE SUN man asked.

"Well," he answered, thoughtfully, "it's a hard matter to say exactly. But never less than 20,000."

Twenty thousand! The man must be either disgrised railway company or an accomplished fabricator.

"You see," he went on, "I am in the honey business, and my employees are all bees; all but two or three, who are men and boys. Well, I got out the map and found that I couldn't find warm weather, or hot seather, nearer than the West Indies. So I decided on the south side of Cuba. Not for any particular reason; I just decided on it.

"Well, I left a good man in charge of my sees, and off I started in the steamer for the south side of Cuba, for that place that has so many names; St. Jago, or Sautlago, or Santiago de Cuba, or whatever you like to call it. The town that was once the capital, you know, Fine old town, too, only a little rusty. When I landed there I knew I'd struck hot enough weather, for if it had been any hotter I should have shrivelled. Then I did just as I had been told. I hunted up a good doctor who spoke English, and asked his advice.
"'Don't stay down here on the coast.' said

he; 'and don't take any medicine. Get up in the highlands, and in a month or two you won't know you ever had a lung. Ten dollars. "That sounded natural and sensible, and I followed his advice. Cuba is a good country to trayel in, you know, if you are handy with a horse or a mule, and I haven't been a farmer's boy for nothing. I got a mule and was soon up in the mountains. You can't go a mile out of Santiago in any direction without striking either mountain or sait water. I found a banana planter's family who took me to board, and soon learned enough of their singo to talk a little, and had a good time with them.

"Sure enough, what the doctor told me was true. In a few weeks I didn't know whether I had any lungs or not, for they gave me no trouble. I was out doors all day, but always in at night, and began to turn brown from the sun and strong coffee. They live on coffee down there, and bananas and jerked beef. being selected by the Minister of Marine. The I was a great hand for prowling around on my and the present in umbent of the office is Linden, who for a long time and been a all attaché in England, representing the

"We were on a plateau eight or ten miles back; but most of the old plantations were right on the edge of the mountain, running a ways down the side. There was one in parstone house, partly in ruins; grounds so big you couldn't tell where they began or ended; and a view. View? Why, friend, you could sit on the front porch of that old house and

and a view. View? Why, Friend, you could sit on the front porch of that old house and look across the water and on a clear day see the mountains of Jamaica. Every day is clear down there, mostly, so you could see them all the time. I used to sit there by the hour looking at them, so that if anylooly asked me when I got home whether I'd been to Jamaica. I could say 'No: but I've seen it.'

'As I was saying, the grounds of that place were very large. There were acres and acres so full of flowers you could plek a bouquet anywhere. I suppose there was a good flower garden to begin with, and when the people left the wind scattered the seeds, and they spread, there being no cold ever to kill them. While I was looking at the flowers one day a great idea came to me. Just came like a flash. This is a great lung country. I said to myself; 'nothing like it. But what's the matter with it for bees? Why, it's the greatest honey country in the world. Look at all these flowers, in bloom every month in the year! Look at these orange blossoms, banana buls, guava blossoms, honeysurkles, and a flousand more things. Up home the flowers bloom only six months in the year, and the other six my little rascals lie die and eat up half the honey they've made. But they're industrious by harter and down here they'll work all the year.

the hives, and marked every box 'Bees.'
Don't be bashful about the cases, beys,'
I told them when they were stowing them
on deck. I know you like to smash things,
Smash away if you want to. They'll speak for
themselves!'

"Iney didn't smash any cases, and we got to Santiago all right- the bees and invest and one white man that I took along; and a four-horse team carted them up to the plantation in three loads, eighty-six hives and our tru ke and things. Yes, they always draw loads with four-horse or four-ox teams down there. You see the roads are so bad it takes one horse to drag apother alon.

in three leads, eighty-six hives and our tru ks and things. Yes, they always draw loads with four-horse or four-ox teams down there. You see the roads are so bad it takes one horse to drag another along.

"We opened the cases and stood the hives in rows out in the thick of the flowers, and out came the bees. They were bewildered at first and didn't do anything but just look at the view. I didn't blame them, either. A hundred thousand acres of view, easy, and not a cent to pay! But it didn't take them long to find out what sort of cauntry they'd come to. You just ought to have seen thom work! They couldn't stir two feet in any direction without striking a flower, and every flower full of honey! It seemed to me as if they were saying in Spanish, 'Why didn't you bring us here before? This is a peach!"

"Ah, my little hearties! said I to myself, you don't know the best of it yet. You don't know that these flowers are here all the year round; but you'll find it out.

"Yes, they found it out; oh, yes, they found it out, as you shall see. The honey began to come, and I was so proud of my lide that the view looked better than ever. The original plan was, o ship the honey to New York, but I soon found there was no nesd of that. They had no honey in Santlags, and they snapped mine up like hot cak s. That was better yet. Two crops a year and a market at the door, 'You shiftless peonie!' I used to say ty myself when they'd hand me over their good allyer for my honey. To live all your lives in a country where you can get two crops a year, but never build a hive! Give me a Yankee for enternrise! That was natural, wasn't if You, only it is natural for a man to feel so, with 7,000,000 people there all fond of honey, and not a hive on the island—except mine?

"Well, the bees in a flower patch, and not hive where you can get two crops a year, but never build a hive! Give me a Yankee for enternrise! That was natural, wasn't if Yasked my man. 'I got an Idea, and I lived up to it, didn't I? A man who had no ideas, who had no eluce

Proprevery year.
"But one day my man came in from the

hives, and said he:

"They're not making any honey."

"Not making any honey." I exclaimed.

Why, just look at them. There's a bee at
work on every flower.

"That's all very well, said he, but they're
not storing any honey in the hives. Go and Then, what are they doing with it? I asked. Looks to me as if they were eating it.

So I went out to the hives, and, sure "So I went out to the lives, and, sure enough, there was not a special of honey there; not one special in the whole eighty-six lives. Indicate the energy was a point of honey in all those hives again. No, sir, after the first winter we never got even the start of a crop. My idea was exploded. We split up the hives afterward to boil our coffee with." "But what was the matter?" The Sun man asked.

"Hut what was the matter?" The SUN man asked.

"Why, it was plain enough," the old gentleman replied. "My idea was all right as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough. If somebody had teld me in the beginning that bees don't store honey in hot countries. I'd have saved my time and noney. But they dun't, because they don't have to. They eat it as fast as they make it, because they ca aiways get material for more. Here they have to save it up for winter food, but there they don't. That's a point in natural history that I did not know before, but I know it there is the property of the save it is not replied to the save it is n to save if up for winter food, but there they don't. That's a point in natural history that I did not know before, but I know it thoroughly now. Don't you ever try to raise honey in Cuba, because you can't do it. "How and they find it out so soon! I'll tell you what I think. I think some meddlesome native bee saw them at work, and came over and told them they were making danged fools of themselves; that those flowers would be there all the time, and they could make a little honey whenever they liked. Anyhow, they found it out.

little honey whenever they liked. Anyhow, they found it out.

"Yes. I know why the 'shiftless' become don't raise their two crops of ho es a year. They can't raise one. I never brought those bees back; they grew too lazy. Why, they'd actually sit on a leaf and wait for the wind to blow a flower toward them. But I didn't blame them for that; I felt the same way myself. Yes. I still go down there every winter; but it's lungs, not honey."

THE ONLY U. S. PENITENTIARY.

and Is the Ploneer of Other Government Civil Prisons Which Will Grow Up All

Save all like titles. The standard more to places the by the indicative states are produced to the standard distance. From the first in control of the standard standard distance. From the first in control of the standard standard distance. From the first in control of the standard standard distance and the standard distance and the standard distance whose trace entities control on the standard standard distance whose trace entities control on the standard distance whose trace entities the standard distance whose trace entities control on the standard distance whose trace entities control on the standard distance whose trace entitle control of the standard

stone trimmings, which would have cost \$4,000, was put up by the prisoners from the very ground, they making the brick and quarrying the stone, at an entire expense in cash of \$400. And the work, in all its detail of fluish, inside and out, would compare favorably with that of first-class workmen. These men were instructed in brick and stone work by weeks of building up and tearing down platn walls, then making doors, then windows, and as on till they were thoroughly efficient. This is expecially noteworthly when it is considered that these prisoners are of a class much more inclined to the punching of cows and other similar field, sports of the Southwest, including the stealing of horses and the riding away on them over the boundless prairies. The men are kept at work all the time, even though the work may be useless except as a ronte. The prison farm consists of 1900 acres, and on this the prisoners raise all their vegetables and feed for horses and other prison stock. They live well, too, the menu commaring favorably with that of a great number of Washinston boarding houses, and the cost is only nine cents ter day wer man. Warden French believes in well, too, the menu commering favorable with that of a great number of Washineton boarding houses, and the cost is only nine cents per day per man. Warden French believes in letting human beings "eat their white bread" as long as possible, and he never has any corn bread on the prison table. There is a chapel, attendance being voluntary, and 85 per cent, of the men go there Sun lay morning and again in the afternoon, when there is a secular enterialment of some kind. There is also a library of 5,000 volumes, and the prisoners may read till 9 o'clock at night by electfolisht. Of the 620 admitted during the year, 457 could read and write, 29 could read only, and 134 could neither read nor write. So far the prison school has not been a success, as the prison school has not been a success, as the prison arrangements and the work of the men at such a distance from the prison prevented proper use of it being made.

Warden French wants his guests to say so if they are not satisfied, and he keeps a compaint box in the dining room so that any man can say if he doesn't like the way he is treated, lie may not have maper and cencil with him, but there is a place where he can get them, and he can write his mind freely and he will always be heard. When the prison or first comes in the Warden talks it all over with him, and he is put on his honor and manhood, and as the malority of the orisoners are young fellows, this kind of treatment is productive of excellent results.

Frisoners bathe in full once a week, are

fellows, this kind of treatment is productive of excellent results.

Irrisoners bathe in full once a week, are shared once, change underclothing once, have their cells scalded out once, and every two weeks their feet are jut in good condition by the chiropolist, Warden French beloving that painful feet are the cause of usly tempers and sullenness and had conduct generally. While prisoners are shaved once a week, those whose conduct is good are permitted to wear their mustaches, and it is remarkable how this little concession to man's vanity improves his general deportment.

is millenness and lad conduct a merality. While prisoners are hanced once a week, those whose prisoners, are a hanced once as week, those whose the many states and it is remarkable how this little concession to man's vanish improves his general concession to man's vanish improves his general concession, and there is a chance hand continued of an organist, a trombone plaser, a voices, the entire combination led by a colored man from Topeka, who is permitted to lead to voice the entire combination led by a colored man from Topeka, who is permitted to lead to color. The men are instructed in simple, and the variety of the prisoners are between the area of it and 30, and three fourths of the convictions are for larveny. counterfetting, sault, Almost all callings are represented, it is convictions as extracted on the convictions are for larveny, counterfetting, sault, Almost all callings are represented. It there behing two editors, if is pristers, three the convictions are for larveny, counterfetting, sault, Almost all callings are represented. It there behing two editors, if is pristers, three the convictions are for larveny, and there is a conviction of the new prison Warden for the convictions and the prisoners are between the area of its and 30, and 31 farmers, this last being a most comprehensive term in a section which is like the condition and other reviews and a composite direction of the new prison Warden French hoose to carry out his iftens of classificial prisoners, so that the victions may be seen which the condition and other reviews a received the conditions and other reviews and a review of the great prison of the conditions and other reviews and a review of the great prison of the prisoners are such as the conditions and other reviews and a review of the great prisoners. The prisoners are reviewed to the prisoners are reviewed to the prisoners are prisoners, the prisone

sells they had come from Missengers. I. T., and miles in a backbeard with two borses and a doc. She pointed out of the window and I booked and sew the outil number of year and a doc. She pointed out of the window and I booked and sew the outil number of year when the power down with the two women to meet them in the room for receiving, and there the power down drawing a time boy, as well as the power of the mother of the words of the cerebal that the boy may do ever there, as I il like to see him a minte." It was so wistfully spoken and it was to wistfully spoken and it will be boy the words of t Over the Country in Due Course of Time

-Romance and Final Reformation.

Washington, Dec. 12.—How many people in the United States are aware that there is one United States positionizing in all of the United States positionize in an inition of the population except among those whose business it is to know such things. In every newspaper news items appear almost daily to the effect that Federal orisoners have been taken to this or that State positionizing, but the taxpayer nevers stops to inquire by what right the general Government sends its prisoners to State prisons. He never asks why it does not conflue its prisoners in its own prisoners to State prisons. He never asks why it does not conflue its prisoners in its own prisoners to State prisons of its own prisoners. If he wore curious enough to ask why, he would have discovered that the Government practically has no prisoners in its own except military prisons, which are not at the disonal of the civil authorities.

At Fort Leavenworth is the only prisoners and their capacity is now at its limit, if not beyond, and Warden J. W. French has been in Washington recently in consultation with the Attorney-General concerning an appropriation to be made for additional prison room. On the 30th of June, 1893, the military prison which was originally a lot of quartermaster's warehouses, as the a wall built around them. They will accommodate about 505 prisoners, and their capacity is now at its limit, if not beyond, and Warden J. W. French has been in Washington recently in consultation with the Attorney-General concerning an appropriation to be made for additional prison room. On the 30th of June, 1893, the military prison which was officially a lot of quartermaster's warehouses, a simple prison to be made for additional prison room. On the 30th of June, 1893, the

point? Why, the men in town are dressing as they did last summer, in tweeds and flannels, instead of black morning coats, frock coats, summer chesterfields, stik hats, fancy gloves, parent leather boots, &c. These have practically vanished. The West End trade said it had never made so many tweeds, so few extra flue coats. All this has had a bad effect both on profit and returns. It is not fancy or immediation: we have stated the actual truth without exaggeration. Again, what a tremendous effect the tweed caps and the straw hats have had on the silk hat trade. Again, less return and a limited trade in the more costly lines. This freedom in dress has led to a demand for special materials, clastics, soft and withal certificantly. This kind of dress is donted in the morning that a man may cycle to his chile to bay a call, to go to lunch, for which, by he way, he used to dress un, and in many case he has changed to financel and to colored shirts instead of the costly and chaborate dress white ones. We may like it or not, but the tendency has been greatly in the same direction before cycling predominated as it does to-day. As a sport it has come to stay, and it is swaying a vaster influence than any man or woman can now magnes on the styles, the material, and the trade, it is not altogether hopeful. Decidedly it is criving many into freer ways. Not long ago if a man went out with a lady he inust put on a certain kind of garment, far more costly than a 12 mg suit. To-day he salies forth, whether a town or a country gentleman, in a soft tweed knickerhocker suit till he has to doff it or dinner, or as likely as not had a shock in the single forward to the strainent, and the does not take in the lattice. This welcoming the dokes not take in the lattice of society has not had a shock in the single forward to the december of the lattice of society has not had a shock in the single forward to the december of the lattice of society has not had a shock in the sinterest. in the base welcomed it, and is welcomed it, and is welcomed it, and is welcomed it, and is welcomed it; is leading forward to its development to the fatture. This is palpable. Therefore not to expect the old days to return, a roung argely to wear tweeds, and the once loosen in Engiand they will follow. Continent, and in America, and it will cheapening of cloth, though this is hard-seary.

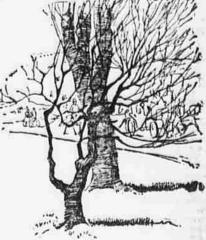
A PRINCE OF WALES TREE.

PLANTED BY ALBERT EDWARD AN CENTRAL PARK, IN 1860. Few Persons Know Ite Mistory-Am. Visit and the Tree-Planting Ceremony. There is a tree in Central Park that would: scome a shrine to lots of people if they knew its history. It was planted by the Prince of Water on his visit to this country in 1860. Very few persons know of the existence of the tree, and it is too scrubby to attract much attention, It stands on the grass plot west of the Mall, right near the south drive, and only a few feet from the bronze eagles. Half the officials and police officers will tell you that it is an oak, and the other half declare that it is an elm. The "Oldest Inhabitant" says this difference of opinion arises from the fact that his Royal Highness planted two trees in the Park—one an oak and another an elm. One thing is certain, the trees

that the sparrow police point out as the Prince of Wales tree is an English oak, and a very sorry specimen of that sturdy family. "It was stunted from the very start, so they say," said a Police Sergeant half apologetically as he guided a party to the tree.

The Prince must have blown his breath on. it when he planted it," said a man in the party. Some superstitious people say that it doesn's. do to blow your breath on a tree when you plant it."

"No. I don't think that was it," dissented an elderly woman. "This tree didn't grow, yet all the trees around it are uncommonly handsome, which only goes to prove that royalty does not flourish in American soil,"



There is something humorous in this idea of a memorial to a memorial, or there would be if it wasn't extremely lad crous. If the tree planted by the Prince in Central Park dies it is to be hoped that the Commissioners will not permit a tree to be planted in memory of the original, but rather let the story be handed down to succeeding generations by word of meuth.

from the Hartford Commant. It is positively asperted by the New York pa-pers that in the Barberi trial two emperiors perts declared that insanity is "that condition which is recognizable as such by the best and thorities."

This specific and unmistakable definition in calls the story of the good old has the treat who years ago found the boxs gathered one evening, as if for a rush or other machine, and forthwith shouled out to them. Disterse, young gentlemes, disperse, or you will be treated as such."